

Henry Playford (17th)
SUPPLEMENT
OF
A: 412.9.
New CATCHES,
TO

The Second Book of the Pleasant Musical Companion.
Containing the Choicest CATCHES by Dr. John Blow, and the late
Mr. Henry Purcell, and other Eminent Masters.

*Short's a Catch United in its Parts,
And leav's a Lasting Pleasure in our Hearts;
As it dispells our Sorrows, and destroys
Th' impediment to Friendship's lawful Joys.
While Bacchus with Apollo jointly Reigns,
And Rapture fills our Soul, and Wine our Veins.*

London, Printed by William Pearson, for Henry Playford, and Sold by him at his Shop in the
Temple-Church Fleet-street; And J. Hare, at the Golden Viol in St. Paul's Church-Yard, and at his
Shop in Freeman's-Tard in Corn-hill. Price 6 d. or stich'd up with the Second Book 2 s. 6 d. 1700.

SLIPPER

OF THE

10 12

78



(1)

A. 3. Voc.

[A New Catch.]

Dr. John Blow.



Om̄e hear me, hear me, hear me; come hear me, hear me my Boy; haſt a mind to live

long, to live long, to live long, take a doſe of briſk Claret, and part, part of a Song; a

Generous Heart good Wine does impart, come hear me, hear me, hear me, a Generous heart good

Wine does im-part, and a Time to good Muſick is bear by the Heart; let each be con-

—tent; come hear me, hear me, let each be content, with his own proper ſtore, and keep our ſelves

ho-neſt, keep our ſelves honeſt, tho' the world keeps us poor.

(5)

[A. 4. Voc. Catch.]



Dost thou not remember *Ned* how of—ten we have hear'd, a Natural Chorus of Brutes in *Father Dodwell's*



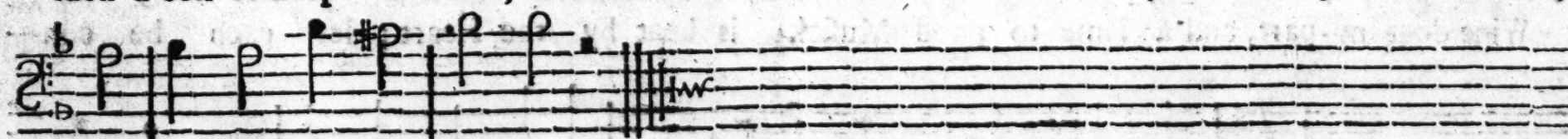
Yard; Cock-a-doodle-doo, cry'd the Cock, and the Duck quack, quack, Cobble, :: :: :: :: cry'd the



Turky-Cock, Whee, :: :: the Hack ; and the little Chick peep, peep, peep, what ails the poor Creatures



such a coil to keep? Ev'n that, that once made the Thirteen Cows to bellow, and to keep to our Author,



here's to thee my good fellow.

(3)

[A. 3. Voc. Catch.]



Our Freind at the Meremaid's down, down, at *Punts* there is e-vil *Sack*, 'tis Poison all at the Crown ; at

(6)

A. 3. Voc.

[The good Fellow.]



L Et the grave folks go Preach, that our Lives are but short, and tell us much Wine, speedy Death does in-



—vite; but we'll be reveng'd before-hand with them for't, and crowd a' Life's Mirth in the space of a Night:



Then stand all about with your Glasses full Crown'd, till ev'-ry thing else to our Posture do grow; till our



Cups and our Heads, and the whole House go round, and the Cellar becomes where the Chamber is now.



The Sun in the Rays of his rich Morning Gown, shall be Rivall'd by Faces as bright as his own, and wonder



that Mortals can fud-dle a-way, more Wine in a night than he Wa-ter i'th' day.

C

(7) A. 3. Voc.

[A Catch upon a Coffee-Mill.]



I N this Mill you may Grind, may Grind, you may Grind without Water or Wind, without Water or



Wind you may Grind, you may Grind without Water or Wind. But the best, best way to Grind, to Grind is 'twixt



Water and Wind, 'twixt Wa—ter and Wind, 'twixt Wa—ter and Wind; where tho' never so of-ten the



Hopper, the Hop—per you fill, you'll still find there's wanting more Grist, more Grist, more Grist to the Mill.

(8) A 3. Voc.

[Catch.]

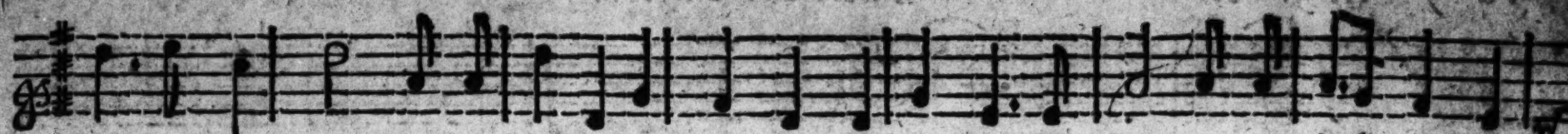
Mr. Jeremy Clarke.



I N Drinking full Bumpers there is no deceit, then let's not re—pine at our sitting up late;



Come light all your Pipes, up, no Sun we do need, we can see what we Drink by the



light of the Weed, may our Jolly Club ne'er by In-truders be broke, then our for-row in



clouds shall a-scend like our Smoak.

(9)

[A. 3. Voc. Catch.]



S Ay, good Master *Bacchus*, a-stride on your Butt, since our *Champagn's* all gone, and our



Claret's run out; Which of all the brisk Wines in your Empire that grow, will serve to de-



-light your poor Drunkards be-low? Resolve us, Grave Sir, and soon send it over, lest we



dyc, lest we dyc of the Sin of be'ng Sober.

(10) A. 3. Voc. [Tom the Tayler.]

Tom making a Mantle for a Lass of Pleasure, pull'd out, pull'd out, pull'd out his Long, his
Long and lawful Measure; but quickly found tho' woundily freight load Sir, Nine Inches, Nine
Inches, Nine Inches, Nine Inches wou'd not half fur—found her waist Sir; Three Inches more at
length Brisk Tom ad-vances, yet all, yet all too short, yet all, all, all too short, all too short;
yet all too short, all too short to reach her swinging Hances.

(11) [A. 4. Voc. Catch.]

Sing One, Two, Three, come fol—low me, and so shall we, good Fellows be.
F I N I S.